

Song To Woody(Cornell)

Bob Dylan

I'm out here a thousand miles from my home
Walkin' a road other men have gone down
I'm seein' your world of people and things
Your paupers and peasants and princes and kings
Hey, hey Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song
'Bout a funny ol' world that's a-comin' along
Seems sick and it's hungry, it's tired and it's torn
It looks like it's a-dyin' and it's hardly been born
Hey, Woody Guthrie, but I know that you know
All the things that I'm a-sayin' and a-many times more
I'm a-singin' you the song, but I can't sing enough
'Cause there's not many men that done the things that you've done
Here's to Cisco and Sonny and Leadbelly too
And to all the good people that traveled with you
Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men
That come with the dust and are gone with the wind

Songwriters

DYLAN, BOB

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